

## Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter King, Gloucester, Winchester, Yorke, Suffolke, Somerset, Warwicke, Talbot, and Governor Exeter.

Glo. Lord Bishop set the Crowne vpon his head.

Win. God saue King Henry of that name the sixt.

Glo. Now Governour of Paris take your oath,

That you elect no other King but him;

Esteeme none Friends, but such as are his Friends,

And none your Foes, but such as shall pretend

Malicious practises against his State:

This shall ye do, so helpe you righteous God.

Enter Falstaffe.

Fal. My gracious Soueraigne, as I rode from Calice,

To haste vnto your Coronation:

A Letter was deliuer'd to my hands,

Writ to your Grace, from th' Duke of Burgundy.

Tal. Shame to the Duke of Burgundy, and thee:

I vow'd (base Knight) when I did meete the next,

To teare the Garter from thy Crauens legge,

Which I haue done, because (vnworthily)

Thou wast installed in that High Degree.

Pardon me Princely Henry, and the rest:

This Dastard, at the battell of Poitiers,

When (but in all) I was sixe thousand strong,

And that the French were almost ten to one,

Before we met, or that a stroke was giuen,

Like to a trustie Squire, did run away.

In which assault, we lost twelue hundred men.

My selfe, and diuers Gentlemen beside,

Were there surpriz'd, and taken prisoners.

Then iudge (great Lords) if I haue done amisse:

Or whether that such Cowards ought to weare

This Ornament of Knighthood, yes or no?

Glo. To say the truth, this fact was infamous,

And ill becoming any common man;

Much more a Knight, a Capitaine, and a Leader.

Tal. When first this Order was ordain'd my Lords,

Knights of the Garter were of Noble birth;

Valiant, and Vertuous, full of hanghtie Courage,

Such as were growne to credit by the warres:

Not fearing Death, nor shrinking for Distresse,

But alwayes resolute, in most extreames.

He then, that is not furnish'd in this sort,

Doth but vsurpe the Sacred name of Knight,

Prophaning this most Honourable Order,

And should (if I were worthy to be Iudge)

Be quite degraded, like a Hedge-borne Swaine,

That doth presume to boast of Gentle blood.

K. Staine to thy Countrymen, thou hear'st thy doom:

Be packing therefore, thou that was't a knight:

Henceforth we banish thee on paine of death.

And now Lord Protector, view the Letter

Sent from our Vnckle Duke of Burgundy.

Glo. What meanes his Grace, that he hath chaung'd

his Stile?

No more but plaine and bluntly? (To the King.)

Hath he forgot he is his Soueraigne?

Or doth this churlish Superscription

Pretend some alteration in good will?

What's heere? I haue vpon especiall cause,

Mow'd with compassion of my Countreys wracke,

Together with the pittifull complaints

Of such as your oppression feedes vpon,

Forsoaken your pernicious Faction,  
And ioynd with Charles, the rightfull King of France,  
O monstrous Treachery: Can this be so?

That in alliance, amity, and oathes,

There should be found such false dissembling guile?

King. What? doth my Vnckle Burgundy reuolt?

Glo. He doth my Lord; and is become your foe.

King. Is that the worst this Letter doth containe?

Glo. It is the worst, and all (my Lord) he writes.

King. Why then Lord Talbot there shall talk with him,

And giue him chastisement for this abuse.

How say you (my Lord) are you not content?

Tal. Content, my Liege? Yes: But y I am preuented,

I should haue begg'd I might haue bene employd.

King. Then gather strength, and march vnto him

straight:

Let him perceiue how ill we brooke his Treason,

And what offence it is to flout his Friends.

Tal. I go my Lord, in heart desiring still

You may behold confusion of your foes.

Enter Vernon and Bassil.

Ver. Grant me the Combate, gracious Soueraigne.

Bass. And me (my Lord) grant me the Combate too.

Yorke. This is my Seruant, heare him Noble Prince.

Som. And this is mine (sweet Henry) fauour him.

King. Be patient Lords, and giue them leaue to speak.

Say Gentlemen, what makes you thus exclaime,

And wherefore craue you Combate? Or with whom?

Ver. With him (my Lord) for he hath done me wrong.

Bass. And I with him, for he hath done me wrong.

King. What is that wrong, whereof you both complain

First let me know, and then Ile answer you.

Bass. Crossing the Sea, from England into France,

This Fellow heere with enuious carping tongue,

Vpbraided me about the Rose I weare,

Saying, the sanguine colour of the Leanes

Did represent my Masters blushing cheekes:

When stubbornly he did repugne the truth,

About a certaine question in the Law,

Argu'd betwixt the Duke of Yorke, and him:

With other vile and ignominious tearmes.

In confutation of which rude reproach,

And in defence of my Lords worthinesse,

I craue the benefit of Law of Armes.

Ver. And that is my petition (Noble Lord):

For though he seeme with forged queint conceite

To set a glosse vpon his bold intent,

Yet know (my Lord) I was prouok'd by him,

And he first tooke exceptions at this badge,

Prououncing that the palenesse of this Flowet,

Bewray'd the faintnesse of my Masters heart.

Yorke. Will not this malice Somerset be left?

Som. Your priuate grudge my Lord of Yorke, wil out,

Though ne're so cunningly you smother it.

King. Good Lord, what madnesse rules in braine-

sicke men,

When for so slight and frivolumous a cause,

Such factious emulation shall arise?

Good Cousins both of Yorke and Somerset,

Quiet your selues (I pray) and be at peace.

Yorke. Let this dissention first be tried by fight,

And then your Highnesse shall command a Peace.

Som. The quarrell toucheth none but vs alone,

Betwixt our selues let vs decide it then.

Yorke. There is my pledge, accept it Somerset.

Ver. Nay, let it rest where it began at first.

Bass.

Bass. Confirme it so, mine honourable Lord.

Glo. Confirme it so? Confounded be your strife,

And perish ye with your audacious prate,

Presumptuous vassals, are you not ashamed

With this immodest clamorous outrage,

To trouble and disturbe the King, and Vs?

And you my Lords, me thinkes you do not well

To beare with their peruerse Obiections:

Much lesse to take occasion from their mouthes,

To raise a mutiny betwixt your selues.

Let me perswade you take a better course.

Exet. It greues his Highnesse,

Good my Lords, be Friends.

King. Come hither you that would be Combatants:

Henceforth I charge you, as you loue our fauour,

Quite to forget this Quarrell, and the cause.

And you my Lords: Remember where we are,

In France, amongst a sickle waivering Nation:

If they perceiue dissention in our lookes,

And that within our selues we disagree;

How will their grudging stomackes be prouok'd

To wilfull Disobedience, and Rebell?

Beside, What insamy will there arise,

When Forraigne Princes shall be certified,

That for a toy, a thing of no regard,

King Henries Peeres, and cheefe Nobility,

Destroy'd themselves, and lost the Realme of France?

Oh thinke vpon the Conquest of my Father,

My tender yeares, and let vs not forgoe

That for a trifle, that was bought with blood,

Let me be Vnper in this doubtfull strife:

I see no reason if I weare this Rose,

That any one should therefore be suspicious

More incline to Somerset, than Yorke:

Both are my kinsmen, and I loue them both.

As well they may vpray'd me with my Crowne,

Because (forsooth) the King of Scots is Crown'd.

But your discretions better can perswade,

Then I am able to instruct or teach:

And therefore, as we hither came in peace,

So let vs still continue peace, and loue.

Cousin of Yorke, we institute your Grace

To be our Regent in these parts of France:

And good my Lord of Somerset, write

Your Troopes of horsemen, with his Bands of foote,

And like true Subiects, sonnes of your Progenitors,

Go cheerefully together, and digest

Your angry Choller on your Enemies.

Our Selfe, my Lord Protector, and the rest,

After some respite, will returne to Calice;

From thence to England, where I hope ere long

To be presented by your Victories,

With Charles, Alanfon, and that Traiterous rout.

Exeunt. Manet Yorke, Warwicke, Exeter, Vernon.

War. My Lord of Yorke, I promise you the King

Prettily (me thought) did play the Orator.)

Yorke. And so he did, but yet I like it not,

In that he weares the badge of Somerset.

War. Tush, that was but his fancie, blame him not,

I dare presume (sweet Prince) he thought no harme.

Yorke. And if I wish he did. But let it rest,

Other affaires must now be managed.

Flourish. Manet Exeter.

Exet. Well didst thou Richard to suppress thy voice:

For had the passions of thy heart burst out,

I feare we should haue scene decipher'd there

More rancor

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